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A. C. Graham Brown



J. Wolf & H. C. Richter, del et lith

GREENLAND FALCON—*Falco r. candicans*.

In falconry, the hawk of Kings, the noblest of the birds of prey. In the heyday of hawking, several specimens were brought to England from the Arctic and entered to herons. Otherwise, the great snow hawk of Greenland is an irregular spring and winter visitor to these islands. Sometimes it alights in an exhausted condition on ships at sea. Occasionally the creature is reported by bird-watchers in the north, especially along wild rugged coast. But it only leaves the Arctic in abnormally hard weather conditions.—*Eric Hosking*.

9th DECEMBER 1955

1.
Hugh Wilson and Norman Wakefield came up for the weekend and, together with Bill Thiddleton, we set off for the Outcrops at about 5.30 pm on the Friday evening. We went through Beech Forest and turned down to the right through the pine and spruce plantations to the Fire R. Beyond the bridge the road became only a track (Binn's Rd) and as we were the first vehicles with rear-drive wheels only, to get through that season, we had some sticky moments. However we reached the Ocean Rd where it comes out at Cape Horn and camped in a C.R.B. camp at the junction. I saw a Satin Bowerbird in the dusk. We were all tired, and turned in early.

10th DECEMBER 1955.

After a lauder round after breakfast, we made back up Binn's Rd to a spot where Norman Wakefield and Jim Willis had previously found a good beech gully. We plunged

down off the road into the gully and walked up it, perhaps half a mile though it seemed much longer. We found the nest of a PINK ROBIN - a superb thing perched on a tree-fern's frond, about 3 ~~leaves~~ feet from the ground. Then we came across a slender tree-fern which Norm and Hugh measured as 24 feet - as far as is known, a record. I was extremely weary and was very tired when we got back up to the cove. We had lunch back at the Camp where we had spent the night.

In the afternoon we went on to the Powder R. and settled into Camp. I was exhausted - a most unpleasant condition. We went across to Blanket Bay and had a swim which was very refreshing. On the way back we saw an INDIAN MYNAB, of all things, flying strongly for the lighthouse. What it expected to do when it got there I don't know! At Camp we saw a TATIN FLYCATCHER and KING PARROTS. How I slept!

11th DECEMBER 1955

After breakfast we went to Tates Rest, a beach gully just off the Ocean Rd and attempted to collect a specimen of a SCAB-WREN which Hugh Wilson thinks is more closely related to the Tasmanian bird, in that area. No luck. Then down the "Banner-bird" gully on the Ocean Road. There we had the 'find' of the week-end - a ROSE ROBIN. An excellent view at close quarters for a quarter of an hour or so. We called in and had a cuppa with Winnie Denney at Glen Aire and came home via the Gellibrand Valley and the Blacks Bridge Rd.

22nd JANUARY 1956.

We commenced our Cowaran Holiday complete with kids and dog at 4.10 when we left Fay's flat in Doran Rd and got to the haunted hills by 6.30. It was not the most successful of nights as Randolph managed to roll in some filth, and the kids were sick.

23rd JANUARY 1956

Off at 9.45 on a hot day. Filled up with petrol at Starwell; left at 10.30: Lakes Entrance 12.10. There we had a swim and a meal. Left 2.10; Cam R 4.30; Mulacosta 6.30. Where we camped out on the beachland under a Callitris.

24th - 25th JANUARY 1956

Two days spent relaxing, swimming and walking round the beach and in a small gully near the camp. Nothing of particular interest in the way of birds was seen, other than the 'usual'.

26th JANUARY

Woken at 5.0am in tearing wind and rain. I cut my foot severely pushing up the car windows. However later the day was calm and bright. The morning was spent round the camp and at lunch I picked up Norm Wakefield's letter from the P.O. I had a map of where to find things. I went down to Davis Creek and saw a NANKEEN NIGHT-HERON & BROWN-HEADED HOVEYEATERS. Later the whole family went on down to the

Betta River on the Aerodrome Rd and saw
the ~~the~~ LITTLE TERNS flying over and landing
on the large spit at the mouth of the
river where they were evidently
breeding.

7th JANUARY Was a fine day, and I explored
a gully while waiting for the ice to
turn up. There I found a RUFOUS
FANTAIL and thought I heard a
LITTLE COCKOO-SHRIKE. We left Malacoota
at 1.30 and arrived at Lakes Entrance
at 6.0. Home from there next day.

It was in no sense a breeding
holiday, but it was remarkably
successful and we have every
intention of making it a fortnight
next year.

10th SEPTEMBER 1956 I had become enrolled as a
bird-bander with a license from CSIRO,
Canberra and the Dept. of Fisheries & Game.
Also the Colac Field Naturalists had
commenced. So I thought a programme
of ringing could well be introduced. It was

obvious that Lake Cranganite was a likely spot for rockiness but - it is huge & an efficient reconnaissance could only be done by plane. So, through the help of Graham Woods I contacted a crop-spraying pilot and machine to do it.

On Monday afternoon (I was off sick, convalescing from glandular fever) Graham Woods, the pilot Keith Hill and myself set off for West Wot at 1.30. We saw a flock of about 20 BLUE-WINGED PARROTS at West Wot. Arrived at the paddock we had a little difficulty with a defective spark-plug.

We were off at 2.30. I sat in the front cockpit which was the tank for the spray - no seating and, worse still, no windscreen. The wind pressure was terrific. Our airspeed was around 70 mph but 6 ft behind the propeller, it was moving past us at a much greater rate. It took me quite a time to get used to it and to decide head only outside was preferable to shoulders and all

We made first for Vaughan's Island
 where there was a large Pelican Rookery -
 several hundred nests. We kept well
 above the birds which floated off the
 island in all directions. Then we went
 west but saw nothing on the Panborient
 shores so turned back to Wool Wool
 where there were two islands covered
 with cormorant (Little Pod) nests. These
 birds streamed out across the water as
 we went over. Up the east coast to
 Pelican Point, briefly over towards
 Foxhams where there was apparently no
 island and to south again over the
 extensive flooded areas of Duncton and
 Wool Wool to Hamlet's paddock, where after
 some sheep had been chased away
 the Tiger both came safely down. It
 was a very successful venture (though
 rather surprising that no gull rookeries were
 seen) and quite an exciting afternoon.
 No payment was allowed but a tip
 of £2.0.0 went down well.

NOVEMBER 12th 1956

I set out at 7.0 am for the Grampians. Going by Tortlake I reached Hamilton at 9.0 to stock up with fresh supplies and petrol. Then up to Camendish, past Eulameet to the track to the humpas-pool. The entrance to the track was flooded and after a walk round, found a way in a little further up the road. The track was ok in most places with some wet, and some sticky patches. In one of the latter I eventually stopped, my Sheels spinning. Lightening the boot and some brush under the wheels got me out, but I then and there put on my chains. The remaining sticky patches were then easily crossed. Such led to a confidence that I was my undoing. Turning to the left off the track (where it was obviously impassable) to make a detour through a paddock, I went down to the axles. That was 11.30 am. Except for a brief lunch I worked on it till 3.30.

Then I decided to forget all about the car and camped in the boat on the other side of the lake. Putting up camp, and a short wander round completed that day.

NOVEMBER 13th - Up and off early, on horse the track by the human-port. across the strip of beach to the track up to the first weir. This track was very wet and the last part, through the swamp was very thick - obviously no vehicle had been up it this season. After a brief pause and a drink I went on up to Eagle Falls where I bathed my feet in the cold water and relaxed over lunch. Back then, and I ~~found~~ a SATIN FLYCATCHER not far from the falls, to the weir. Led to down the track. In the creek bed, just before the human-port, I heard an ORIOLE, which proved to be the first record for the Grampians. It was a very dark day to the end and a brisk heavy shower (the only rain for the three days) was

quite alone. General collapse at
the camp. Which a few trishies completed.
I sound sleep.

November 20 - At work at 7:00 am the sun
and at 10:10 our triumph in making
it. I found that I have to take
the chains off to let the animals go
to work. The only piece of good
fortune was that there was a flock of
pigeons 20 yds from them. I shot.

It was a glorious hot day,
so I stayed round camp with very
little on. I had a very good view
of a Hyacinth and an even better
view of a snake which I almost had
on in shippers out. I killed it —
a very full Tiger Snake. At 11:10
I moved off - with chains on - and
except for a brief stop when we were
sent right down, got out onto the
road safely, removed chains, and was
very grateful to be on really firm
ground again.

I cut across from there to Shunkeld -
 Glen Thompson was found a Bitter. FRONTED
 POTTERER on west on the edge of a lake.
 Had a meal in the over at a place
 and returned south from there to
 the lake and so home at 1.30 pm.
 It was a wonderful three day, though
 I could have done without the six
 hours getting the car out of the bog.

The killing of 95 birds was very good

NOVEMBER 16th 1911 After one day at
 home, I set off on a birds' skin
 at about 10.0 am, this time with
 Thelwell, in the same direction. We had
 lunch by the lake at Glen Thompson
 where I could sit, this time find the
 Bitter's nest. However we were hindered
 at the attempts of a pair of Mountain
 ducks to get two young through a
 fence. Then up through Shunkeld to
 Comerish of the Bohernabreena Rd to
 Voeys. There there is an a property
 called Shunkeld Park. We got there at

2.5. Tex was away working, so Michael and I walked a mile or so down to the bush. We could not find the Speckled Warblers. Tex had found but we could see a little Poo-oo-SHINE there. Mike had his introduction to the real business of bird-watching.

It was a cold day with showers sweeping over from the west so we decided to stay with Tex and Helen that night. Mike found a bed, and though I could hardly have had an early night, we sat chatting in front of the fire till 11, when I settled on the floor to sleep.

NOVEMBER 17th It was a much finer morning and we were off by 8.0 am. We cut across to the Hart Highway and travelled north to Glenolla where we turned right down a track. It was thick wet sand and Tex stuck there. However that was easy to get out of and we eventually covered a mile down that

trunk just past a stony patch which was tricky to negotiate. After setting up camp on back bench and were off at the same, starting hours of 4.00. The track brought Hobbs, with him - a month of seven years - and the four of us set off. Then at first couldn't find the track. We have been on with Charlie Austin. He was wandering through very tall bracken. It was stumbled across it.

Then it was easier. We had a good view of a small flock of cows. At the end of the track we had a stiff scramble through very tall bracken and up round the shoulder of a hill till we came to a most impressive waterfall, not a straight drop, but a total of some 70 ft. Then back down the track where I like spotted an Eclidna which I saw bravely and out with his fingers and held up. It was a long walk and the two boys were tiring. However when we got back to camp we too subsided with a

drink and did our water. Took the
bags, reexamined, they in large lot
and made a tent! It was a fairly
early night and the bags slept well.

NOVEMBER 19th

An early breakfast was
accompanied by the approach of heavy
clouds and we rapidly struck camp
and moved out as rain came tumbling
down. We got off the track onto the
highway successfully though we could
not have left it much longer.

We returned to the Northpover
turn off (Chimney Gap Rd) and went
a mile down to where a track leads
off to the north which we were of the
opinion should have joined up with
the track on which we had camped
the previous night and which we had
just left. We went up 2 1/2 miles by
car and then walked on in the rain
another 1 1/2 miles. It was eight miles
along the highway between turnings
into the tracks (i.e. 90-93 m.p.). We had

been in four miles from the north and five miles from the south but I think we were still a few miles apart at the two points we had reached.

So we returned to the car. The rain cleared up. We drove to the junction of the cross road to the Grub. At there we had breakfast before we went on. Then I set up camp and we had lunch. Then and Rolly, then went back and Mike and I climbed to west and west to the south. It was wonderful for Mike and so we went on to the top of the mountain. (Henceforth known as Michael Mountain). Back to camp with Michael not wanting so tired as his father. Taking round camp till we saw an eagle, but the two of us turned in and slept happily.

NOVEMBER 14th

9.0 am.

We were up and packed by 10.0 am. After a brief walk round

near the campsite we returned to a
 Forest Commission Rd and walked
 north along it. I had a wonderful
 view of a CLARK'S SPARROW-HAWK which
 flew lazily round us. We went 2
 miles down the track and returned to
 the car. I went back to the first
 night's camp where we had left a
 space in our hurry to accommodate in the
 van. Having collected that, we had
 lunch and I had a few shots at
BLACK-CAPPED TITMICE with no success.

Then the long trek home - Skiddell
 Stream, Skinnell - (look for C. Bann
 Gorge) Camped down and home at 6.00 pm.
 We had collected four blue-tongues as
 the only which we presented to the
 family. It had been a very
 good trip and from the birds
 point of view - a hunting success.
 We finished with a list of 101 species
 which was quite good. Although we should
 have had more than the first trip.

Now and I made a comparative list of things and Groupings of the birds compared to one of the other. It is as follows -

OTWAY.

WHITE GOITAWK

KING PARROT

TONGUE-BREASTED PARROT

BROWN PARROT

PINK ROBIN

WHITE BROWN

RUFOUS FANTAIL

RED-THROATED PARROT

OLIVE - WHISTLER

GINGERED TREVENTER

BEAUTIFUL FIRETAIL.

SATIN BOWER-BIRD

GRAMPINGS

LITTLE COCKOO-THRIKE

HYALICHT CAUTA

WHITE-BROWED PARROT

TREBUCKED WHISTLER.

The LITTLE EAGLE should have been included but I saw one "almost certain" bird at Dorrington 15.11.07!

It is very interesting that the Grampians have a larger list of birds than the Otway. There are many birds (e.g. Black-chinned and Yellow-bellied Honeyeaters) which are common there and strangers to the Otway.

18
17th JANUARY 1957. Started an aw caravaning holiday with family - seeing ~~nothing~~ Nothing to report until late afternoon at Boxer Swamp by the Nicholson R. where there were hundreds of WHITE-NECKED HERONS - more than I had ever seen before. Near them were some other birds - egrets & spoonbills - but we didn't stop to see. Just before Lakes Entrance was a PEACEFUL DOVE. We went on to Orbat, arriving at 6.0 pm.

20th Jan 57 We woke to the superb call of the GOLDEN WHISTLER - in fine fettle. We moved off early, arriving Talacosta at 12.45 pm. after a fairly slow drive. The afternoon was spent settling in - the jobs required for a comfortable fortnight. I was interrupted by the excited calling of RED CYSTERCATCHERS, of which there were seven on a narrow sand bank who were apparently having territorial trouble. Around the camp, as the previous year, were WRENS and SILVERBIRDS. At 6.0 pm we had a very short walk along the beach and were entranced at the

LITTLE TERNS They incidentally have an occasional flight in pairs - chasing each other in aerobatics, chirping rather like wrens and gnatcatchers, when in the territory.

Jan 27 - Thursday - started a clear fine day but the wind sprang up in the night. The sky hazed over and at mid morning the wind changed to a cold southerly. However it was always pleasantly fine. In the evening after chess and reestablishing contact at the local store I found they remembered me, we swam and looked on the beach. After lunch I took the dogs in water up to the Township for the bread. In the later afternoon the boys and I went over to the large mass of sand opposite the camp where I found a couple

LITTLE TERNS, nests with their minute fledglings. On the way back, among the caravans were a flock of gulls among which was a first year bird with one of the narrow wings in its right leg. One of the narrow efforts to become

22nd Jan. 57 Tuesday - nothing to report in the way of birds. It was raining. There are no birds but cleared during the day. We spent the day on the beach or sleeping. Joan described what must have been a WHITE-TAIL BIRD and there were Condors coming from the nearby trees. In the evening I got very sick, reminding us of the end of that last storm last year. Well.

23rd Jan 57 Wed. - Nothing to report for birds - just being lazy and sleeping.

24th Jan 57 Thurs. - Went for a swim in the morning over on the surf and found two of the young LITTLE TERN again and another nest with one ^{egg} ~~young~~.

After lunch I went for a walk taking Randolph down to Davis Creek but there were very few birds. It was noteworthy that the dominant birds were SILVEREYES and BROWN THROATED in mixed flocks, the dominant honeyeater being the SPINEBILL. I saw a MOUNTAIN THRUSH in the gully by the camp.

In the evening we drove over to Boston
 Point, wandered over the dunes and rocks
 but there were no birds.

25th January Friday a cool rainy day. In the
 afternoon I took Johnny round to Buckland's
 jetty and caught no fish and lost my
 rod which disappeared with great rapidity
 into the water.

26th Jan. - Saturday. A cold gloomy day with a
 high wind. In the afternoon the whole
 family went round to Buckland's jetty
 there it was much more sheltered. They
 had been fishing out the previous
 evening. But we still caught no fish.

27th Jan - Sunday. A strong easterly wind
 made itself felt but the sun shone all
 day and it was hot and bright. After
 lunch I went over to the Little Tor
 to look for the jaegers of the Little Tor
 which I had seen resting on the
 dunes at the mouth of the river
 last year. However there was no sign
 of them this year at all - the autumn

thing in the cove was a dead
 FRY PENGUIN and PIPITS feeding on seeds
 of succulents. But I did see a
 WHITE-BREASTED SEA-EAGLE floating over
 the river which was unexpected I also
 saw a CARRIAGE TERN over the lower reaches.
 In the ti-trees on the cove were
 LITTLE WATTLE-BIRDS. Later in the
 evening the white family came over
 to look in the sun out of reach of
 the wind.

29th Jan 1957 - Sunday. After lunch I
 took Mike, Jimmy and John together
 with Paul and the Naugher (our next-door
 neighbours) back 5 miles on the Gower
 Rd. to Dank Creek. We walked a
 few hundred yards upstream and
 saw a party of LEVIN HONEYEATERS, which
 I was unable to identify till I
 returned to camp. Though it may be
 listed in my notes pre-war, I think
 it is virtually a new-kind! Also there
 was a RUFOUS FANTAIL and a

TOURNAI THROUGH Singing beautifully in
the heart of the afternoon (4:30 pm).

CRESCENT HONEYEATERS were common
and LARKS (sp.?) were noisy.

Take saw that the Thrush was on
Arizona Kingfisher on the stream just
before we left for home but I did
not see it.

29th January - Tuesday. After lunch I walked
over to the Belta with Michael, Jonathan
and Paul Manser. For the most part
we were in the heathland which
is so typical a few hundred yards
behind the dunes — but we saw no
typical birds! We forded the ~~Dunes~~ ^{Dunes},
a few hundred yards from its mouth
and found ourselves in light eucalypt
among which was growing a bankia
with two-edged leaves and large flowers.
There I saw the PURPLE-GAPED HONEYEATERS
— an almost certain identification, but
about which I am going to write to
Norm Wakefield. We bled at the

beach and I was very surprised to
see a flock of MARA PARROTS feeding
on the coastal water. Just before we
returned home, FINE-TAILED SWIFTS
were in the sky.

30th January - Wednesday. After lunch I
went by myself up the creek about
1/2 mile along the shore from the
township. When Norm Wakefield had
said I should see the BLACK-FACED
FLYCATCHER and BROWN WARBLER. — And
by Jove I did too - both of them. The
former I heard every in the search
but did not find for nearly an
hour. Then I had lots of time
to admire it, perching on a small
bough. Then on the way back,
elated, I looked and got a good
view of the BROWN WARBLER - a dull
little bird if ever there was one, but
no bird is dull if it is 'new'. The
only other event of note was a SPOTTED
PARDALOTE which came within a few

part of me. It was a most remarkable
short walk.

1st January 1957 - Thursday. We left at
10.30 on the Hansen's launch for the
trip up to Gipsy Point. It was very
hot and an ideal method of spending
such a day. Two WEDGE-TAILED
EAGLES with white upper back and
generally pale in appearance, made
us think of Ospreys, but I don't
think they were.

After a couple of hours, and lunch
we came down the inlet again and
the launch turned north so passengers
should have afternoon at Tristan House,
Hansen's farm. However he dropped
me off on the Goodwin Sands where
I had $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to myself. Young
LITTLE TERNS were being fed on the
banks amongst much chattering, LITTLE
STINT and SHARP-TAILED STINT as well
as flocks of RED-NECKED DOTTRELL flew
off in glittering flocks. I walked along

the sand to some tussocks and shrubs where I put up some SNIFE and came across a fairly small SILVER GULL ROOKERY. There were eggs, small chicks and larger young running off to the water. Then I came across a dead gull, a first year bird, which had a fish hook in its lower mandible and a ring on its right leg which I carefully removed (as well as the two hooks).

Then retraced my steps to the other end of the lagoon of an island the centre of which was very shallow water on sand and mud which provided good feeding for innumerable TERN and various waterfowl. A pair of CASPIAN TERNS, the rarer one, obviously resting on their own but no nest was found. I walked out onto the shallows and saw a flock of 17 birdies and, as I was out there CURLEWS, started coming in

in quite large numbers to feed on the shadrows. Then I went to rush across the shallows to meet the bunch.

When I got back I looked up my bird-banding field notebook and received one of the bills of my life. For the dead bird I had found was one of ours! 08-04209 banded at Warrance on Oct 6th. Had a couple of extra wishes to celebrate.

On p. 14 (ante) I noted a bird with a ring, saw the camp and it is very probable that it took a bit of bait still left on the hook, which lured it. The trick is that it flew to a rocky shore 2 miles away to die and for me to find it.

Feb 1st 1957 Friday.

In the morning I went to Lewis Creek to the barbs to try and find the Purple-gaped Honeyeater again but failed. A little Falcon flashed over me and I had a good view of an AZORE KINGFISHER.

After lunch we set forth for home and a few birds met. I saw a flock of 5 Black Cuckatoos flying away to the left. A few women's lake pan said "What is the Black Cuckatoos with red on its tail?" The bird seen a couple flying in to the right at the same spot! The birds were jammed on land but I never saw them. A few more of a new bird, and you was only waiting for not speaking earlier!

We made harbor for tea and before entrance (9.15) for camp where I promptly bagged a few in the sand.

February 2nd 1957 - Saturday. We got off to an early start, had breakfast in our hotel in Bainsdale and moved steadily home. At Roadal there was a large, concentrated flock of two species of Heron, White and Y-B. Spoonbills. We had

lunch near Managat and were in
 Melbourn by 2.15. As I was leaving
 the caravan at the Summit a NINETEEN
 NIGHT-HERONS flew over the valley.

It was a superb holiday - as
 caravaning with family, and really
 very good for birds - a total of
 100 on the trip - 50 of which were
 at Talacoota. New birds - Black-
 faced Flycatcher and Brown Warbler;
 Red-tailed Black Cockatoos (unsatisfactory)
 Lesser Honeyeater (so far only heard
 at Sena) and the Purple-gaped
 Honeyeater which I have in my
 notes as plentiful in the Mangroves
 round Talca. The identification of
 which has always worried me.

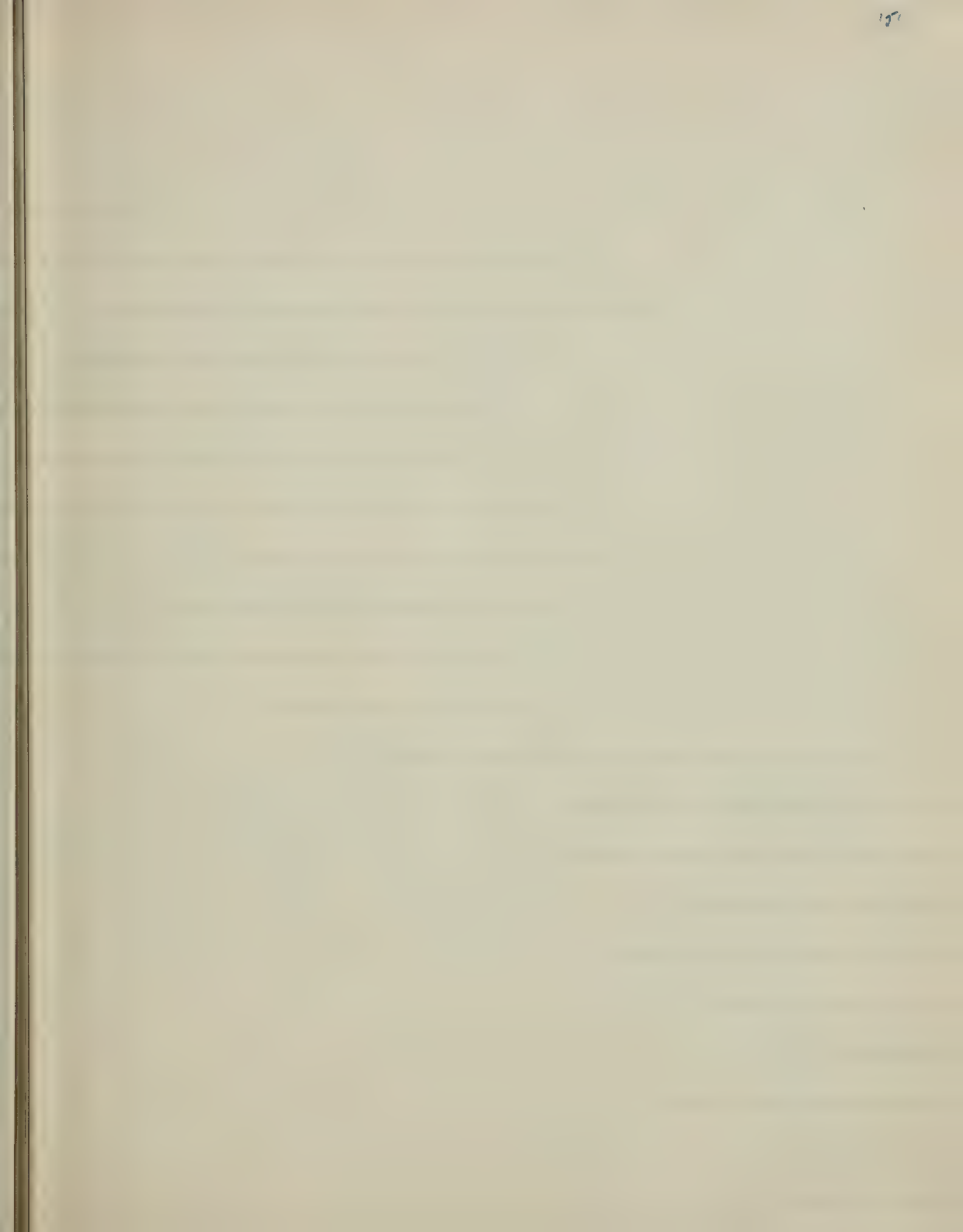








11/24



PAGE	DATE	EXCURSION
1.	9.11.55	Coke - Camp at C. Horn - Otway Forest
1.	10.11.55	Binnis Rd Gully - Parker 12 - Blanket Bay
2.	11.11.55	Hales Rest - Binnis Rd Gully - Blanket Bay
3.	22-28.1.56	Caravan holiday - MANTOOTA.
5.	10.9.56	Aerial reconnaissance of Gungahlin
8	12.11.56	GRAMPING ① - Colac - Enlarget - Sogged
9	13.11.56	- 1st Wair - Eagle Falls
10	14.11.56	- Out of bog - round camp - home
11	16.11.56	GRAMPING ② - Home & Shindler Park
12	17.11.56	- Glenelg River : walk to Park
14	18.11.56	- Whollyman Creek : walk to camp
15	19.11.56	- Park to Glenelg - home.
17	—	Intermission East of Gungahlin and Glenelg
19	19.1.57	Melbourne - Bristol
19	20.1.57	Bristol - Hobart
19	21.1.57	Hobart
20	22.1.57	"
20	23.1.57	"
20	24.1.57	"
21	25.1.57	"
21	26.1.57	"

P.	DATE	EXCURSION
21	27.1.57	Talacosta - Beta R.
22	28.1.57	" - Double Gits
23	29.1.57	" - Walk to Belka.
24	30.1.57	" - Beach walk along shore
25	31.1.57	" - Giffy Point & Grodwin Island
27	1.2.57	" Davis Creek - Departure
28	2.2.57	Lake Entrance - Talbavone

DATE

EXCURSION

P.

DATE

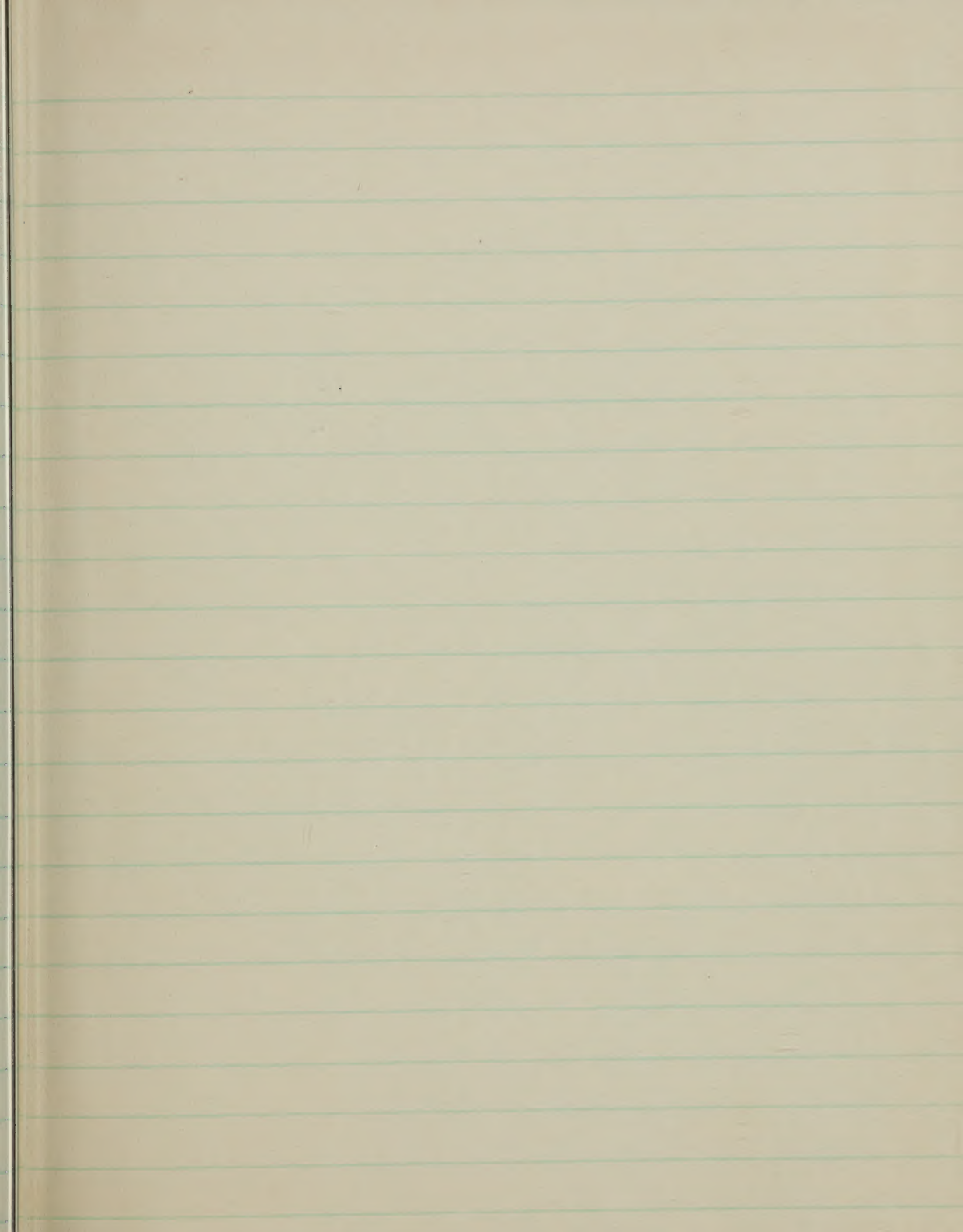
Excursion

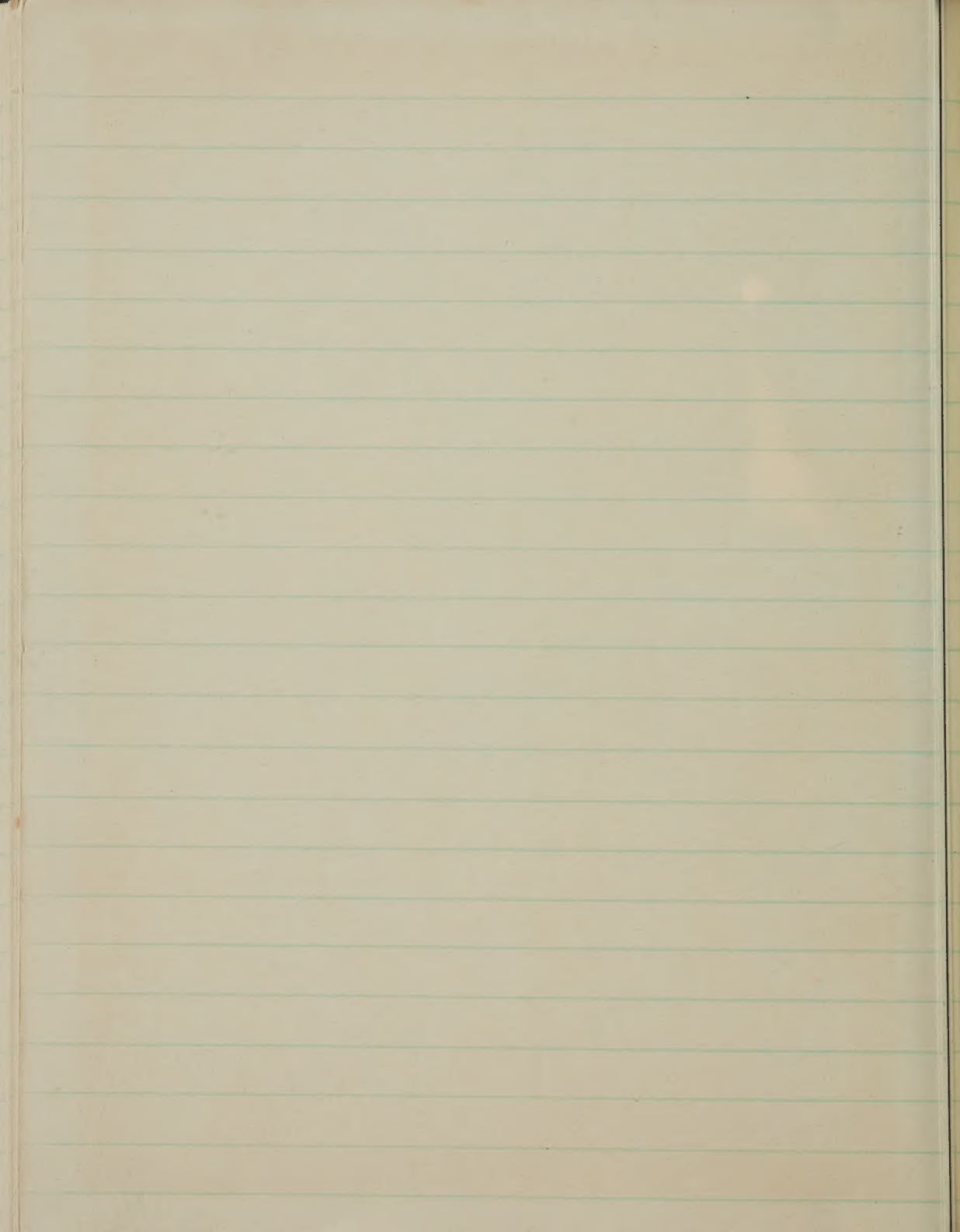
7

Date

Expenditure









J. Wolf & H. C. Richter, del et lith

Prints by courtesy of the London Library

GOLDEN EAGLE—*Aquila c. chrysaetus*.

We begin our reproductions from John Gould's "British Birds" with four of the most spectacular birds in the British Isles. They belong to the family known as the *accipitriformes*; the diurnal birds of prey. Most majestic is the Golden Eagle, which now breeds only in the Highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. This great bird, with its wing span of seven to eight feet, was once supposed to carry off human babies to feed its young. In fact, it leaves even its own eyrie on the approach of man.